Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Whoſe within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to ſup with me to night. *Exit Yorke.*

One. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fiſt, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this laſt flight?
But as I caſt her off the winde did riſe,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in theſe ſilly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloſter, how hye your hawke did ſore,
And on a ſodaine ſouc'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it pleaſe your Maieſty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre ſo well,
They know their maſter ſores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a baſe minde,
That ſores no higher then a bird can ſore.

Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to ſmoothe it thus with King and Commonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men ſo hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing ſo good a quarrell, and ſo bad a cauſe?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorſhip.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy inſolence.

Queene.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloſter.

King. Ceaſe gentle Queene, and whette not on theſe furious Lords to wrath, for bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector with my ſword.

Hum. Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou dar'ſt.

Hum. Dare: I tel thee Prieſt, Plantagenets could neuer brook the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and ſonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

Hum. In baſtardy.

Card: I ſcorne thy words.

Hum: Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne perſon meete me at the Eaſt end of the groue.

Card: Here's my hand, I will.

King: Why how now Lords?

Card, Faith Coſin Gloſter, had not your man caſt off ſo ſoone, we had had more ſport to day, Come with thy ſword and Buckler.

Hum: Gods mother Prieſt Ile ſhaue your crowne.

Card: Protector, protect thy ſelfe well.

King The winde growes high, ſo do thy our choller Lords.

Enter one crying a miracle, a miracke.

How now? Now ſirra, what miracle is it?

One. And it pleaſe your Grace, there is a man that came blind to S. Albones, and hath receiued his ſight at the ſhrine.

King Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Muſicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between two in a chaire

King: Thou happy man, giue God eternall praiſe,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where waſt thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* pleaſe your Maieſty in the North.

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